THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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Selected Poetry.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem which, says the Edinburgh *Review*, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of Luis de Leon:"

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulphing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulets glide
To that sad wave,
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place!
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here?
Dreams of a sleep that death must break.
Alas, before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The check's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away,
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair,
Age came and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and, wo!
When age comes on!

Selected Miscellany.

[From All the Year Round.]

MY NEIGHBOR BRANCHER.

What pleasure a city man feels when he turns his back on the Stock Exchange, on the street of the Lombards, or on the street of the Threaded Needle, and sets his face towards the country and home. What still greater pleasure he feels when the bus drops him at his cottage, and, as he clicks the garden gate behind him, he hears his children come tearing along the hall to meet him when he opens the door. It was that pleasure which made my heart beat faster, one June evening, ten years ago, when I alighted from the bus at the corner of our lane at Bybridge (where I had taken a country house for the summer), and pushed on eagerly for my own place.

The great dark elms seemed all in a flutter of pleasure at my arrival. The garden flowers bent their heads gravely towards me. I loved the very gravel that crisped under my feet. How velvety the turf looked, and it was all mine for two months longer!

The moment I touched the knocker, out poured Luch and the children. Willy, Ned and Charley, took me by storm.

"*He* is come,' they all cried, in one breath.

"He? who is He? The earthquake? Why, don't you know, papa? The gentleman next door,' said Willy.

"Why, my dear, our next door neighbor, at Willow Cottage,' said my wife with great reproof, 'His furniture arrived this morning. He and his wife and the children came in grand style. He seems a *most* respectable man.'

"You mean a *most* rich man, Lucy.'

"Now, don't be naughty and sarcastic.' I ceased to be naughty and sarcastic.

"And such a dear little Shetland pony,' said Willy. 'We're going to have a ride on it to-morrow.'

How rapidly children make acquaintance!

Next morning I had resolved to have a holiday, a day of gardening, fishing, and fun with the children. The children were in raptures; Lucy was quiet-ly pleased after her own dear style.

The lawn of our cottage sloped down to the Thames, while at the back of the house our long strip of garden was separated by a paling and a laurel shrubbery from the garden of our newly arrived neighbor. Willy had had his ride on the pony, and came racing back delighted and laden with red and white currant-plums. Mr. Brancher had been very kind. Charley and Ned grew envious of the march Willy had stolen on our neighbor's affections. My wife, like all mothers, was won by the attention paid to a child; it was an attention paid to herself.

"I am sure,' she said, 'he's a dear, kind creature.' And I began to think we were very lucky in getting such a neighbor.

After breakfast I was very busy at work in the garden, nailing up a rather wayward vine, and singing over my occupation the serenade song from Don Juan, when I heard a rustling in the laurels, and a florid good-natured face thrust itself between the shining green leaves.

"I trust, sir, that your little boy enjoyed his ride?'

"Extremely,' I said, stepping up to the palings in my best manner, 'and I have to thank you for your kindness in giving him that pleasure.'

"Don't mention it, my dear sir,' said Mr. Brancher. 'I love children. I am a father myself. I only thought it right to come and apologize to you for offering your brave little fellow a ride without your permission, before we were indeed introdnced to each other.'

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance,' I said. 'Allow me to shake hands with you.'

"I see you are, like myself, fond of gardening,' said the worthy man. 'Hah! what those poor people in towns lose!'

At that moment a pleasant female voice called 'Henry! Henry!'

"Pardon me,' said Mr. Brancher, 'for there's my wife calling me to set the children their lessons. Au revoir. I trust we shall often meet.'

I expressed the same wish, and he disappeared.

An hour or two afterwards, a burst of laughter in the next garden disturbed me as I sat reading at my study window. Now, my study was a first floor room, commanding both my own garden and my neighbor's. I rose and looked out. Charming picture of rural domestic pleasure! There was Brancher, drawing a huge wooden horse, spotted black and red, and flowing as to the tail. On it was seated a fine chubby boy, while two little girls, and another boy bearing bulrushes, attended the procession with laughing dignity. Mrs Brancher, a stout blonde lady, knitting under a beech tree, regarded the ceremony with matronly delight.

I opened my casement, looked out and nodded.

"All work and no play mates Jack a dull boy,' shouted Mr. Brancher, his portly face radiant with content as he dismounted his child from his swift but inanimate steed, and tossed him into the air.

"We are going out after dinner for an evening's fishing,' said I, 'children and all. We've got a punt moored ready under the osier bank; will you and your wife join us, and bring the children?'

"With the sincerest pleasure,' said Mr. Brancher.

"Half-past three is the time,' I shouted again; 'it is no use fishing while the sun's hot.'

My wife and the children were delighted at the anticipated fishing party.

"It is so important, my dear, to have nice neighbors,' remarked Lucy, 'and you're so much away, you know, Arthur.'

We had hired a second punt, and put chairs in it for the ladies. The children we divided. Punctually at the prescribed time, the two boats, with their laughing crews, pushed off past the lock at Bybridge, for the osier clump where we were to moor.

There could not be a more agreeable man than Mr. Brancher, we all thought. He was so amiable, so unselfish, so chatty, so determined to please and be pleased, so well-bred, so anecdotic. He was evidently a traveled man, for he spoke of Calcutta and Lima; his acquaintances were of a high class, for he talked of 'my old college friend, Mountcashel.'

He was not, thank Heaven, what is called 'a lady's man,'—that detestable mixture of obtrusive self-conceit, fribbledom, and small talk—but, still chivalrous in his manner, and betraying a good heart in every action. He baited the hooks for the ladies, told fairy stories to the children, related feats in angling for mud-fish in the Baboon river in South Africa. To crown his popularity, he had brought some champagne, and the merry pop of the silvered corks started the swallows round the osier island.

We all enjoyed the evening; it was delightful to see the children when a large prickly-backed perch, his broad sides striped like a zebra, his transparent fins a golden orange, came struggling up to the daylight. Our neighbor was indefatigable in baiting hooks, plumbing deeps, extracting hooks from fishes' gullets, adjusting reels, and teaching my boys how to strike from the elbow.

As the evening advanced, and the white moth came on the water, Mr. Brancher grew audacious in his triumphs. He drew out the fish with the rapidity of a juggler, he caught perch with the eyes of their fellow-creatures, he even caught them with the bare hook.

As we punted home, the conversation somehow or other fell on the audacious hotel robberies that had lately taken place throughout England, but chiefly in the midland and southern countries—a daring series of robberies, evidently planned and carried out by a well organized and dangerous gang of high class thieves. I spoke of the aid modern rogues derived from the railways and the telegraph. Mr. Brancher took a very high tone on the subject and was vehement in his denunciation of the rogues. He advocated the severest punishments.

"By jove, madam,' he said, addressing my wife, as he paced up and down the punt, 'I would root out such scoundrels at any cost. I would transport the whole lot. I would have photographs of the villains hung up in the coffee room of every hotel in England.

I suggested the difficulty of obtaining photographs of thieves before their capture.

It was delightful to see Mr. Brancher laugh. His fine white teeth glistened—all his face seemed to laugh. Ha! ha! ha!' he said, 'what a fool I am—you have me there, indeed. Of course not. Still I do think the police greviously to blame for not breaking up such a detestable conspiracy against honesty. You will pardon me, Mrs. Gregson, I have been a judge in the Madras presidency, and I am a disciplinarian in such matters—not cruel, I trust—but still a disciplinarian.'

My wife was eloquent that night in her praises of Mr. Brancher.

'But his servants tell our servants, dear,' she said to me, 'that he has one fault; he is too fond of rambling; he is perpetually leaving his wife to travel.'

'On business?'

'No, on pleasure; he has no business, he has a pension. He is off again, they tell me, to-morrow, early. I wonder, Arthur, he never mentioned it to us.'

A fortnight later, Mr. Brancher and his wife dined with us; he was very agreeable. In the course of the evening, the conversation fell on the abolition of the punishment of death. The ex-judge was strong against such abolition.

'No, ladies,' he said, 'I am a man of the world, and I know that the rascals who infest the world need to be terrified. The gibbet is a scarecrow for them.'

I differed from him, but could get no partizans; every one, even my wife, was with the ex-judge. 'An excellent fellow,' thought I to myself, 'but of too severe a cast of thought on these matters.'

The week after, I and Lucy went and dined at Brancher's. There was to be a little dancing in the evening. It was then, over our wine, that I first discovered Brancher to be a brother mason. This was an additional tie to bind together our growing friendship. The dinner had passed off pleasantly; everything was choice without being vulgarly profuse; the meat was done to a turn; the wine was excellent. There was certainly a little too much of a tall bony gardner, in exuberant white gloves, who cannoned against the other servants, whispered a good deal over the dishes, laughed at our jokes, and stumbled over piles of plates in the hall. The dance went off pleasantly—some nice girls from Bybridge floated about in white muslin—Brancher was tremendous in the quadrilles; being a portly, conspicuous sort of whiskery man, he always danced with the smallest and youngest lady, and flirted unconsciously, to his own and everybody's delight. I was the last to leave; Lucy and the children had gone early. Brancher and I lingered over the end of a bottle of specially good dry sherry.

'By the by, Gregson,' said he, as I took up my Gibus to go, 'you have never seen my library yet; it is a small collection and on a special subject, but it is curious and valuable.'

I followed him into a little room leading out of the library. He opened two cases. To my surprise, the books were legal books. Thieves' Tricks, Old Bailey Trials and Newgate Calendars.

'Not my style,' I said.

'Hah! but you know I am an old judge, and have devoted much thought to these matters.'

'By the by,' said I, 'before I go, let us arrange a croquet match for the children to-morrow—it is a public holiday.'

'Most unfortunate,' he replied, 'but I start to-morrow to spend three days at Derby.'

The next time I met Brancher, was on the top of a Balham hill omnibus. He was both surprised and pleased to meet me. He grew very chatty about the tricks of thieves in the olden times. He explained to me 'ring dropping,' 'chop-chain,' 'card-sharping,' and other mysteries.

'Did you ever devote much time, sir, to cipher?' asked somebody on the roof.

'I know thirty-two kinds,' said Brancher, laughing; 'and I flatter myself that there is no advertisement in the second column of the *Times* for a whole year which I couldn't decipher in forty minutes.'

'Why, Brancher, what a detective you would make!'

'I think I should,' he said, with a smile, 'but here's my corner—good-bye. Shall see you again on Friday. Kind regards to Mrs. Gregson. Love at home. By, by!'

That was Monday. On Tuesday I received a dispatch from Doncaster to say that my brother was dangerously ill of pleurisy. His wife was on the balance—would I come?

He was a sporting man was my brother George. He had been taken ill during the race-week. He was lying at the chief hotel. I made up my mind in a moment, picked up a small valise, and drove straight to Euston square.

When I reached Doncaster, late in the evening, I found that my brother was better, and had started for Scarborough. I resolved not to follow him, but to spend the night at Doncaster, go the next day to the races as I was on the spot, and return on the next Thursday. Rather tired of the noisy betting-men who filled the hotel, I supped and went to bed early.

It was just at daybreak that I awoke. The blinds were down, and the dim gray light just sufficed to make the blinds semi-transparent, and show me where the windows were. There was the looking-glass rising dark against the window to the left, the window furtherest from my bed. There were my clothes lying on a chair, looking like a rough sketch of myself. I tried to get to sleep again, but could not. There was no one stirring in the house, (a distant door opening was nothing), but my mind was anxious, and I could not decoy myself back again to sleep.

A slight "fistling" noise at the door roused me still more completely. It was evidently some one trying the lock. I lay still, thinking it was the boots come to fetch my clothes to brush. Next moment the door gently opened, and a man entered on tiptoe. He was barefoot, as I could see with one eye over the bedclothes, and was too well dressed to be the boots. He must be a thief, I thought, and I watched.

The man advanced with a velvet tread like the tread of a cat, to the chair where my clothes were, and taking up first my coat and then my trousers, felt the pockets; luckily, I had my purse under my pillow. He then stepped to the dressing-table, and quietly slipped my watch in his pocket. I could not see the fellow's face, for he wore a flat fur traveling cap with loose pendant ear-flaps that hid his features.

I could not summon up philosophy enough to bear the abduction of my gold repeater in silence, so I turned in my bed, coughed loudly, and groaned and yawned as if I had just awoke.

The man started, dropped my watch, and stammered out something about 'Come for your boots, sir!' with a drunken gait, evidently affected, made for the door.

I don't know what impulse it was that made me run to the window and not to the door. I didn't seize the rogue, but I ran to the window, and pulled up the blinds so as to let in a stream of cold light upon the man's face.

Could I believe my eyes? The thief was Brancher. We both fell back like two duelists who had exchanged mortal shots.

'Brancher!'

'Gregson!' He gave me a ghastly look, and fled, slamming the door behind him swiftly, but with practiced dexterity, for it shut without a sound.

I returned to London next day, pondering over the strange event. I could find no clue to Brancher's fall. He could not be a practiced thief; yet it was impossible that he could at once have plunged into crime. I thought of his wife and children, and of his pleasant home.

A few hours brought me to Bybridge. Lucy received me with rather a sad face.

'O Arthur,' she said, 'dear Mrs. Brancher is in such trouble! Her husband has written to her from somewhere in the North, to sell everything directly, let the house, and join him at Liverpool. Do go in and comfort her.

I went into Willow Cottage, and found Mrs. Brancher in great distress. She either would not, or could not, tell me anything about her husband's reason for removing. I went the next day and arranged the sale for her. The sale took place. She came to wish us good-bye, and left.

We heard no more of the Branchers for two months. One day, when I came from the city, Lucy ran to meet me, with a large letter in her hand. It was closed with a great black seal, bearing a coat of arms, of which a palm tree was the most conspicuous feature.

'O, do see what it is, Arthur!' cried Lucy; 'I'm sure it is poor Mr. Brancher's writing.

I had never told Lucy the story of what had happened to me at the Doncaster hotel.

I stood leaning on my garden gate, as I opened the letter, and read it aloud. It ran thus:—

LANCASTER CASTLE, Nov. 13,1853.

My dear Gregson,—I dare say you little expected ever to see my handwriting again after our unpleasant encounter at Doncaster. I write to you because I know you to be a good, kind-hearted fellow, who once had a regard for me. Fortune has been hard upon me, though not perhaps harder than I have deserved, for to tell you the plain truth, old boy, I am, and always was a consummate scoundrel; but even scoundrels are, I suppose, sometimes to be pitied, and then, my poor wife and children! I cannot tell you more now, but I beg you to come and see me before I leave England (this is a delicate way of telling you that I am safe to be transported for life.) I do not ask you for my own sake, but the sake of poor Lizzy and the children, to whom you may be of use in a way you are not aware of. Kindest remembrance to Mrs. Gregson.

Believe me to be yours most truly,

HENRY FITZOSMOND BRANCHER.

Lucy was paralyzed with astonishment at this strange letter, at once so regretful. Her curiosity was especially excited by those words of the letter so mysterious to her—'unpleasant rencounter.'

'What does he mean, Arthur?' she asked, with that cross-examining air, not, perhaps, quite unknown to my married readers. But for once I was inflexible. I positively refused to tell her until I should return from Lancaster.

Next day, at five o'clock, I stepped out of a railway carriage on the platform of the Lancaster station. Driving first to the hotel to deposit my carpetbag (for I meant to sleep in Lancaster), I got into the fly again, and told the driver to set me down at the prison gate.

As I stood waiting at the door until an under turnkey had run to take my card to the governor, a lady dressed in black, and followed by two children, with faces hidden and bitterly sobbing, drove from the door. I was sure it was Mrs. Brancher and her children.

When the turnkey, in his cold imperturbable manner, unlocked the third door down the second corridor, and flung it wide open in a careless, mechanical way, I found Brancher sitting on his pallet, humming, 'I remember, I remember,' with much nonchalance. He was as florid in manner as ever. He wore a short-tail coat of prison gray, and trousers, one leg pepper and salt, and the other canary color.

'No style about the clothes,' he said to me ruefully, stretching out his yellow leg. 'How do you do, Gregson? Glad to see you, old fellow; sorry I cannot offer you better hospitality; will for the deed.'

The turnkey left us, and I sat down on the bed near Brancher, who assumed an autobiographical manner, and waved a black-edged envelope in his hand as he spoke.

'My dear boy,' said he, 'when I told you I was once a judge in India, I reserved the important fact that I was driven from my judgement-seat on an absurd charge of corruption. The man who drove me from it, however, I should not forget to say, was a greater thief than myself, and only hated me because I was his rival. I returned to England almost penniless, and declared war against the richer part of mankind, especially hotel-keepers. I determined to live on rich fools, and never to starve while they had a crust. I had first tried to be honest, tried lecturer, wine merchant, coal merchant, auctioneer, house agent, but failed in all. Tempted in the hour of need, I joined a gang of swindlers, and soon became comparatively rich. We worked grand combinations of fraud, and divided the spoil.'

As he made this unblushing confession, Brancher kept rolling a small pill, about the color and size of the seed of a sweet pea, between his finger and thumb.

'Holloway?' said I, glancing at the pill inquisitively.

'No,' said he, smiling. 'O no; not Holloway. A better pill. It cures everything—stitches, ague, gout, cramp, brain, stomach, everything. But, as I was saying, our gang prospered. At last we got too daring, and I was caught. But there was one disagreeable condition entailed on all those who entered our confederacy, and who should fall into the hands of the Philistines. That condition I have been unpleasantly reminded of this morning by the letter I now hold in my hand.'

'And this condition? said I.

'I cannot tell you. Take this letter, I have re-sealed, open it to-morrow when you get up; you will then see, and can act accordingly. But enough of that. Why I asked you to come was this: I shall soon have to start for a distant country;—transported, in fact. I do not want to leave poor Lizzy and the children beggars. I have some money which I wish you to take care of and manage for them.'

'Money!' I said, incredulous. 'A prisoner with money?'

'Yes,' said he; 'a prisoner with money. Do you think an old thief has not two tricks for every one that the thief-taker has? Look.'

He stooped down, and taking off his heavy soled shoe, picked out one of the sparrowbill nails in the heel, and then slid back a sort of lid, which covered a box-shaped hollow, constructed in the thickness of the heel. He drew out a small square wad of bank notes—they were notes to a large amount.

'There,' said he; 'that's for Lizzy. It was honestly got, and is not part of my spoil, so you need not fear taking it.

I did not put out my hand.

'Gregson,' said he, 'if you do not pity me, you should pity Lizzy. I swear to you on this Bible, she did not know how I lived. I spared you too when I could have stripped you of every penny of your savings.'

I started.

Do you not remember how, one night when you had a whist party, I came in and got you into a discussion about monograms, how we all began to try our signatures, and I eventually went off with the paper that contained them? I could have forged your name to any amount, but I spared you because we had been good friends.'

I took the money, and listened to his directions as to how it was to be invested.

'Be kind,' said he, to Lizzy and the children—they will not be ungrateful. The boys will grow up good men. Give them and Polly my love.'

'But you don't go yet?'

'No, not yet,' he replied slowly; 'but I cannot bear to see them again.' And as he said this in a rather low voice, he playfully flipped the little brown pill at the wall and caught it again in his hand.

'If it were not somewhat pharisaical and cruel to preach to you at this moment, Brancher,' said I, 'I should urge you to lament your lost opportunities, your injured wife, your degraded children. It is hard in these selfish days to struggle upward; it is doubly cruel, then, to take one's children and hurl them down into an abyss of hopeless poverty. You had talents, you had all that men require to fight their way to the sunshine.'

'And do you think I never lament those lost opportunities?' said Brancher, tanning away his head; 'it was my mode of revenging myself on an unjust world.'

'But a pitiful way; the world is an abstraction—you cannot revenge yourself on it except by injuring the innocent and hardening and debasing yourself.'

'Our points of view differ,' said Brancher, rising, as the turnkey came back for me. 'Good-by. God bless you for the kind things you mean, I feel sure, to do. Forget the rogue, but think of poor Lizzy and her children.'

(Brancher's face looked paler, as the door closed upon him.)

I locked my bedroom door that night.

It was late next morning when I awoke; so late that I had but just time to hurry on my clothes, and run down and snatch a hasty breakfast. I was so hurried that I forgot Brancher's letter and did not think of it until I got to the station and had taken my ticket. Then I remembered it, took it out of my pocket and opened the envelope. The letter contained only three words, written in red ink, in a bold, commercial hand.

†"DEATH" OR DEATH†

At that moment a newsboy came running past me with the morning local paper. It was Saturday.

'Sudden death of a prisoner in the castle,' he cried. 'Death of Davison, alias Brancher! I bought a paper, paid for it with a trembling hand and read as follows:

"Last night, at about ten o'clock, the turnkey in the castle, making his rounds to turn out the lights, and hearing a low groan from cell thirty-two, unlocked the door, and going in discovered a prisoner named Davison, alias Brancher, lying in the agonies of death at the foot of his pallet bed. Assistance was immediately procured, and the governor and doctor summoned to the spot, but all in vain. The prisoner expired at fourteen minutes past ten. He had been in high spirits throughout the day, and was heard by the turnkey singing at half-past nine o'clock. It is supposed that serious appolexy was the cause of death. The man has left a widow and several children. He was a person of good education; but, lamentable to relate, the chief, as it is supposed, of a gang of swindlers whose mechinations extended over all Europe. An inquest is to be held to-morrow on the body."

APOPLEXY.—Means "stricken form;" a description given by the Greeks, under the feeling that it was of unearthly origin. The person falls down as if suddenly struck with death. There is neither thought, feeling, nor voluntary motion. There is no sign of life, except that of deep, heavy breathing. It comes on with the suddenness of the lightning's flash, and with as little premonition. A common fainting fit occurs suddenly, but there is no breathing, no pulse, and the face is pale and shrunken. In apoplexy, if the person is not really dead, the face is flushed, the breathing loud, and the pulse full and strong, usually. In mild attacks, a person is found in bed of a morning apparently sound asleep; but if so, he can be easily waked up. In apoplexy no amount of shaking makes any impression. The earliest Greek writers describe apoplexy with a minute accuracy, which has scarcely been exceeded since, showing that it is a malady belonging to all time.

To pass from apparent perfect health to instant death on entering one's own dwelling, or sitting down to the family table, or while at the happy fireside, in the loving interchange of affectionate offices, strikes us as being perfectly terrible. But the terror belongs to the witnesses; the victim is perfectly destitute of thought, feeling, sensation and consciousness, for the time being, as if the head had been taken off by a cannon-ball. In many cases, after lying for hours and even days in a state of insensibility, the patient wakes up as if from an uneasy sleep or dream; but often, as many sadly know, there is no return to life.

The essential nature of the disease seems to be such an excess of blood in the brain that its appropriate vessels or channels cannot contain it, and it is 'extravasated,' let out, upon the substance of the brain itself, and *thus* arrests the functions of life. Persons with short necks, who are 'thickest,' corpulent, are almost the actual subjects of apoplexy, when not induced by falls, blows, shocks, and overdoses of certain drugs.

Apoplexy is an avoidable disease, except in some cases of accidents, which we can neither forsee nor prevent; it is, essentially, too much blood in the brain. The blood is either sent there too rapidly, or, when there, is detained in some unnatural manner, the essential effect being the same. Whatever "excites the brain" does so by sending an unnatural amount of blood there; such as intense and long thought on one subject; all kinds of liquors; any drink containing alcohol, whether ale, beer, cider, wine or brandy, excites the brain and endangers apoplexy. So will a hearty meal, especially if alcoholic drinks are taken at the same time; going to bed soon after eating heartily, sleeping on the back, if corpulent, may bring on an attack any night; so will a hot bath, after eating. The ultimate effects of all opiates are to *detain* the blood in the brain, while the things just mentioned send it there in excess.

The great preventatives are warm feet, regular daily bodily habits, eating nothing later than three o'clock, P. M., and the avoidance of opiates, tobacco, and all that can intoxicate. In cases of attack, send for a physician. Meanwhile, put the feet in *hot* water, and envelop the head with *cold;* ice is better. It is safer to live in a hilly than level country, in town than country. Winter is more dangerous than summer. The liability increases rapidly after forty years of age, greatest at sixty, when it gradually diminishes. Statistics seem to show that the most dangerous years are FORTY-EIGHT, FIFTY-EIGHT, SIXTY-SIX, while *forty-six and forty-nine* are almost exempt. The well-to-do are more liable than the laboring. Sudden changes of weather promote attacks. Let the liable, especially, live in reference to these well-established facts.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞A colony of five thousand Circassians is about to be established by the Porte, in the Holy Land, on the large and magnificent plain of Sharon, between Mount Carmel and Gaza. The people of Palestine look with suspicion on the scheme, thinking it will be adding just five thousand robbers more to the number already operating in their country.

EIGHT TO SIXTEEN.—Lord Shaftesbury recently stated in a public meeting in London, that, from personal observation, he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that, if a young man lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances in favor, and only one against him, as to honorable life thereafter.

This is a fact of singular importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly, a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over the child under sixteen. It cannot be a difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases; and if that control is not very wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parents' fault; it is owing to the parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of ninety-eight per cent. of the real crime in a country such as England or the United States, lies at the door of the parents. It is a fearful reflection! We throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, there leave it to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of bodily disease that they are, in nearly every case, sown between sundown and bedtime, in absence from the family circle; in the supply of spending money never earned by the spender—opening the doors of confectionaries and soda-fountains, of beer and tobacco and wine-shops, of the circus, the negro minstrels, the restaurant, and dance—then follows the Sunday excursion, the Sunday drive, with the easy transition to the company of those whose ways lead to the gates of social, physical, and moral ruin. From eight to sixteen—in these few years—are the destinies of children fixed in forty-nine cases out of fifty—fixed by the parents! Let every father and mother solemnly vow, "By God's help, I'll fix my darling's destiny for good, by making home more attractive than the streets!"

TRUE EDUCATION.—My son shall be *educated!*" says the proud father; "whatever masters can teach he shall know."

The father conceives education to be a certain quantity of ideas imparted to the child. This quantity is poured into his mind. A part of it is absorbed, and retained till pressure forces it out again.

This filling of the mind with dates, events, and theories is not *education.* Education, developemnt—*growth from within*—demands motive power within the individual to be developed; and according as this is trained to act of itself, or to substitute therefor the result of others' labor, will be the kind of developement, and, as a consequence, the amount of available knowledge possessed.

The habit of depending on written words and oral explanations for the general ideas and the details of knowledge acquired is easily learned; and as easily may the mind be led to use itself, the elements of knowledge for its own enlargement and strength. For this, neither large means nor high schools are indispensable. The style of education, the manner of growth, is determined in the common school. There the morals and manner—the outline of the inward and outward of the future individual—are projected.

Nor is the sense of hearing the principal medium through which educational influences act on the pupil. His eye studies gestures, takes lessons and draws inferences from the expression of every muscle of the face; *these* are educating influences. The teacher's address and moral bearing, as well as his mental habitudes, are adopted with as much readiness as is the style of a new garment. What care, then, is necessary in selecting the *model* on whice the minds and spirits of our children are formed! The teacher should be just what we wish the child to become.

A well assorted union of qualities in the character of a teacher of children is more indispensabla than for any other relation except that of parent. With purity of soul must be blended gentleness and firmness, elevated sentiment and dignity of deportment, a love of children and of his duties must win their love and confidence; to them he is a *pattern.* Perfect master of all he teaches, he should so teach it that the effort of acquiring shall come from the *pupil's* mind, and the ideas it awakens spring spontaneously from the unsounded depths of the pupil's deepest nature. *This is* EDUCATION.—*Life Illustrated.*

GENUINE BENEVOLENCE.—"For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. Romans x, 12.

A late archbishop of Bordeaux was remarkable for his tolerance and enlightened benevolence. The following anecdote is illustrative of *this* trait in his character:

"My lord," said a person to him one day. "Here is a poor woman came to ask charity; what do you wish me to do for her?"

"How old is she?"

"Seventy."

"Is she in great distress?"

"She says so."

"She must be believed; give her twenty-five francs."

"Twenty-five francs! My Lord it is too much, especially as she is a Jewess."

"A Jewess!"

"Yes, my Lord."

"O, that makes a great difference. Give her fifty francs, then, and thank her for coming."

—What is the most remarkable difference between the ancients and the moderns? The ancients *unrol* their dead, and the moderns *carve* their living.